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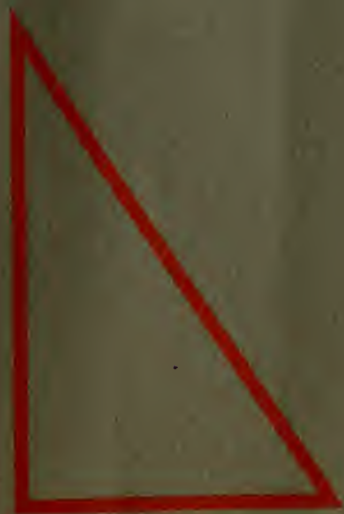
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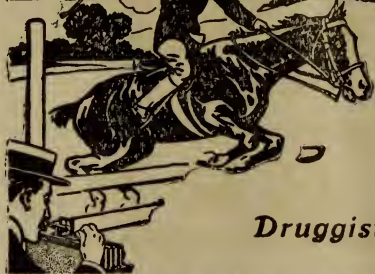
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The O R A C L E

'I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dog bark.'

Volume 6

Woodstock, June, 1910

Number 6

LIFE.

To be true to the best that is in us,
Nor falter nor fail in the test,
Let whatever may come,
This is measurement just
Of the sum of our life:
To keep safely in trust
All the good that we have,
And to answer at length
For our being and doing:
The weakness or strength
Of our hope and our help
In varying strife—
There is nothing besides
In this problem of Life.

VALEDICTORY.

Once more the time has come when books are put away and desks forsaken, when school playgrounds are abandoned and the familiar class-rooms resigned to the keeping of the dusty janitor. The old halls stand silent and deserted now, and where a short week since all was bustling life and joyous confusion, only the humming of a few lonely flies breaks the stillness. The school is quiet.

For the merry companions are gone in all directions: some will return after the holidays, refreshed and re-invigorated, some are never to meet again. And for those of us who are leaving school forever, it is a time of sadness when we must bid farewell to our books, farewell to the Collegiate, farewell to our friends of old and all the scenes we loved. Those scenes are to be exchanged for rougher ones—the daily battles of school give place to the greater Battle of Life, and every man must fight for himself.

But we pause here regretfully a moment, looking back upon the times that are gone, gazing forward to the times which are to come. And as we stand thus, what a flood of recollections comes upon us! How short the time since we sat perspiring in a dark class-room, writing wearily on the Entrance Examination, while the great shady maples outside were whispering of coolness and comfort beneath their branches! And those first few days at the Collegiate—shall we ever forget them? And the long weeks when we worked manfully on, while bricks and plaster thundered down in the passage and noxious gases curled in from brazen salamanders! The school has changed around us, and now we are hurried on like the rest.

At this time, too, the thousand little occurrences of the class-room all come back to us. That dog-eared Latin crib—that musty old German exercise-book without the cover—those horrible mistakes we used to make in French—the cutting remarks which the teacher made about them—even the numerous painful interviews we had with the Principal, and the penitent promises we made to be good—all these lose whatever was disagreeable in them and blend in the one pleasant memory of our school-days that are over. All over, passed away, and soon they sink into the oblivion of the past.

We, too, pass by, but the school remains. The old

faces are gone, but new ones look up on every side. We go, but greater ones will come in our stead. And it is right that it should happen thus: without jealousy we shall see other classes take our place as the school moves on from success to success. Long may she flourish! Ever shine her honor untarnished, her honor that is confided to our guard! Classes of sixty years back appeal to us to maintain it. Patriots, statesmen, heroes who have gone before, call upon us to preserve. Can we be unfaithful to the trust?

The world lies at our feet, offering many paths. But wherever we go, whatever we do, the guiding star of duty shines for all alike. Let us follow on the path it points, follow it bravely, trustfully, hopefully, though the way be hard and difficult, believing that

“He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which out-redden
All voluptuous garden roses.”

And this is the last and greatest lesson.

H. R. K.

THE EVENTIDE.

Who is there in this busy world who does not feel the restful effect of the eventide? To those whose days are filled to overflowing the eventide brings rest of body and of mind. It is the time when we feel that we may lay aside all that troubles and worries and give ourselves over to less strenuous thinking and acting.

The soft gray hours before the black night smooths out for us the rough, stony places, and if some word or act has hurt us through the day, the twilight removes the pain and brings a sweet sense of the privilege of forgiving. If the fault has been our own, the quiet eventide shows up the harshness of the busy day and thus cleanses from the dross accumulated through the day.

There is a peculiar feeling that sometimes comes in the evening, a feeling of insatiable longing, mingled with sadness. Tennyson felt it when he wrote, “Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, tears from the depth

of some divine despair." This strange mood comes with the even quiet and cannot be dispelled until another day brings new thoughts and experiences.

The eventide is the time when, tired of play, the children want to come home to mother. Longfellow called this the children's hour. They feel its quieting charm and lose all interest in their base-ball and hide-and-go-seek. It is their story hour. They will listen most attentively, to the long stories that in the day-time seemed tiresome, and will never lose interest till the sand-man claims his victims and the tired eye-lids yield to his tricks and the little ears no longer hear the stories.

Often we have seen pictures bearing the title "Eventide." These are of many different studies but always the artist seems most impressed with the restful loveliness of evening. One such picture is of a little country home among the Highlands of Old Scotland. The little cottage is cozily placed in a valley between the hills, and the setting sun is throwing its panting beams around the little home before it sinks behind the hill, leaving all in darkness. An old man is sitting out beside the house with his hands folded. He is the only person in the picture, and our attention is drawn to his expression as he looks over the sun-lit hill at the beauties in the sky. The light seems to be reflected from the golden sunset to his calm, old face, and his happy expression would suggest that the eventide of life brings him beautiful golden memories, even as the soft golden sunset accompanies the ebbing day.

The even of life is like the even of the day. It is the time when cares are laid aside and the heavy burdens are put down. In the golden years of life, as in the golden hours of sunset, the responsibilities and worries are abandoned, and as the sun of life sinks below the hill of earth's experience, we catch reflections of the brightness of the daytime when life was busy and full of care. Then happy shall we be in our evening time if the day has been so well spent that the memories that come in the eventide may bring only pleasure and sweet content, as life is ebbing and its golden sun is setting.

Photography is becoming much in vogue in Fourth Form.

The Oracle

JUNE, 1910.

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A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

That man has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth running order, ready like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind, whose mind is stored with the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one, who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire; but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness and to respect others as himself.—Huxley.

THE HABITANT.

The habitant of Quebec may be regarded as the original type of that Province in much the same manner as the people of Ontario may claim the United Empire Loyalist as the original type of theirs. The Habitant is not without interest to any student of the social conditions of our country and although he has been the subject of much criticism and misrepresentation, many English-speaking writers like the late Dr. Drummond have rendered him justice.

At the outset I would have you understand that the name habitant, which many strangers to the Province of Quebec are inclined to regard as a term of reproach, is really one of dignity. The original tillers of the soil in Lower Canada, who first assumed the title of habitants while holding the land under feudal tenure, would not accept any designation such as "censitavu," which seemed to carry with it some sense of the servile condition of the feudal vassal of old France. They preferred to be called habitants, inhabitants of the country, free men, not vassals. And so the designation obtained official recognition in New France, and has become the characteristic name of the French-Canadian farmer among English-speaking people. When it is remembered that for the first one hundred and fifty years of the entire three hundred of Quebec's history, the only inhabitants of the Province were of French birth or extraction, it will be seen that the term habitant has subsequently served to distinguish the founders of the Province from immigrants of a later date from other lands, just as the addition of the letters U. E. L. to the names of the original settlers in Ontario from the former English colonies to the south of us serves as a title of great distinction to its proud possessors.

One of the most striking characteristics of the habitant is his attachment to the land. In many instances farm-lands are still held by the lineal descendants of those to whom they were granted by the king of France, or his representatives in the earliest days of the colony. At a meeting of the old families of the Province held at Quebec last year, over two hundred and seventy of these families received medals and diplomas of honor, the latter of which attested that those to whom they had been awarded still owned the homesteads which had come into

the possession of their ancestors from over two hundred to two hundred and fifty years ago, and that they had ever since remained in the occupation of these same families. Is it any wonder that these families are proud of such a record and glory in the title of habitant ?

You have all heard of the many large families of fifteen, twenty and even thirty children in the Province of Quebec. Cases are on record where the parish priest, who receives one-twentieth of the farm produce from his people, has also adopted and educated the twenty-sixth child. The habitant is prouder of his large family than songs, like many of his Christmas carols, came with his the more delighted he seems to be with them; the larger the number the more willing hands to help on the farm. To the good God who gives them so large a progeny the happy parents will often make the greatest sacrifices to give back one in return to be trained for his service in the sanctuary. The best and brightest of the flock is selected, with the assistance of the parish priest, for the holy mission, and the height of human ambition and happiness is reached for them when the old father and mother, sitting in the seats of honor in the church, are the first to receive the sacrament at the hands of the child whom they have given to God when he celebrates his first mass.

Happy in his home and contented with his lot, the habitant displays his light-heartedness and freedom from care in a variety of ways. He is a born raconteur and no one is more fond of a song or story than he. His folk-songs, like many of his Christmas carols, come with his fore-fathers from the land of his origin; others are fragrant of the soil of Canada.

It is easy to see why no element of Canada's population is more intensely loyal to Canada than the habitant. Unlike the Englishman, Scotchman or Irishman in Canada, he has no racial affiliation in a political sense with any old world power. Canada is "*sen pays et ses amours*," the object alike of his affection and his pride and the subject of most of his patriotic songs. His love of France is for the land of his origin and his early ancestors. His love for Canada is for his own, his native land. It is as Shakespeare makes Brutus say, "Not that I love Caesar less, but that I love Rome more," or as

Dr. Drummond, who knew so well these kindly, simple folk, puts it in his habitant's Jubilee Ode.

If de moder come dead wh'n you 'a small garcon,
Leavin' you all alone.
Wit' nobody watchin' for fear you fall
An' hurt yourse'f on de stone,
An' 'noder good woman she tak' your han'
De sam as your own moder do,
Is it right you don't call her moder,
Is it right you don't love her too ?

PICKED-UP

Miss L. Campbell, Editor

Did you see that ball ? (!)

E. M. and H. H. are the long and short of it.

We hear "Imitative Harmony" when W. reads.

Rufort seems touchy when we talk about Margery.

Mr. Bean no more doth drive Miss F. S. home at eventide.

Who knows anything about a Vacuum Cleaner ?
Just ask W. M.

T. McN. is getting crushed. Maybe it is on the other side of the aisle.

We have a Red-headed Shylock in our form. He's either that or a butcher.

We wonder where Miss S. got the College Pin she is sporting.

The botanists of H.A. wish to know why O. Mc. has changed his seat.

The boys are getting all hump-backed and round-shouldered since drill stopped.

It's not "Has anybody here seen Cooper?" It's "Has anybody here seen Firstbrook?"

We get a sermon about twice in a term. We are thinking seriously of being missionaries.

What is Miss J.'s attraction at the end window in the Gym? I guess she can see Gray's store.

Latin Teacher (explaining a difficult use of quin)—
"After introducing you to this man Quin.

Why did big Hotson wear his best suit on the 25th? The answer may be found by asking C. P., Innerkip.

Nasales refuses to read the notes the girls send to him. He knows that Margery is the topic of them.

Weir stayed away in the winter so he would not pass out of the form. M. R. passes entrance this year.

When I. L. gets sad she just looks at the picture she had taken. It's all the rage to get photos taken together now.

I. L. was indignant at the boys for asking if anyone had seen Cooper. She didn't know they had seen post-cards.

J. F. must have got jealous of L. T. after the debate. Anyhow, no more specimens have made their appearance from C. since.

Hossack seems to want to murder us, by the look of the knife he brings to school. He could easily suicide if he were afraid of the comet.

Said Reta H——, one day,
“When I was in form four
A little girl fell off her chair
Right down upon the floor,
And all the other girls and boys
Began to laugh but me.
I didn't laugh a single bit,”
Said Reta seriously.

“Why not,” the girls all asked her,
Full of surprise to find
The wicked Reta in this mood
So gracious and so kind.
“Why didn't you laugh, Reta,
Or don't you like to tell?”
“I didn't laugh,” said Reta,
“Because 'twas I that fell.”

(After oral composition class in Form IV.) Miss R.—
I'm glad I'm finished, my speech was a dream. And we
all agreed with her (?)

The shock of the results of the test exams. was altogether too great for P. L., and she was missed from her accustomed place for a whole week.

Mr. C. (in Composition Class)—You should write about 500 words.

R. H. (audibly)—I often write a hundred.

Mr. C.—And often you don't.

Miss M—"Etta, have you seen the comet yet?"

Etta (angrily)—"No. I set the alarm clock every night and I can't wake up."

Miss M.—"That was strange."

Etta—"Oh, well, I put some padding around it to prevent it from making too much noise."

Maybe this will explain to the pupils of Form IV. why Etta is so often late.

Small Girl (attempting to drive a cow out of the garden)—"Scat, Scat."

Elder Sister (in a dignified manner)—Why, Muriel, what are you saying? That is not a cat. You should say "Scow."

One of the girls in Fourth Form evidently profited by this advice and was heard the other day crying out wildly, "Smule, Smule, hence!"

BOYS OF I. C.

The Cheerful Mac.—McPherson.

The Chronic Grouch—Newton.

The Modern Shylock—Hossack.

The Cheerful Idiot—Gordon.

The Wise Man—Williams.

The Cra(o)nky Inventor—Cronk.

The Star-Gazer—Day (?).

The Girl-Chaser—Weir.

The Gum-Chewer—Carmichael.

The Philosopher—Powers.

The Why-Boy—Marshall.

The Cute Kid—Langdon.

Peck's Bad Boy—Rippon.

Mamma's Darling—Nasales.

The Vacuum Cleaner—McLeod.

The Football Star—Wilson.

The Sodbuster—Harwood.

The Blind Sport—McBeath.

The Crusher—Ferguson.

The Would-be-Clever Boy—Brink.

The Candy Kid—McMullen.

not love you, for there has not been a funeral in this parish for many months. In the third place you do not love one another, for there has only been one wedding in two years. These being the facts, I have decided to leave this field of labor, and have accepted a position as chaplain in the jail; and now I will preach my farewell sermon from the text, "I go to prepare a place for you."

ELOPING UP TO DATE.

The coatless man puts a careless arm
Round the waist of the hatless girl,
While o'er the dustless, mudless roads
In a horseless wagon they whirl.
Like a leadless bullet from a hammerless gun
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joys
By endless union given.
The only luncheon his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,
With a dish of stringless beans.
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe,
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

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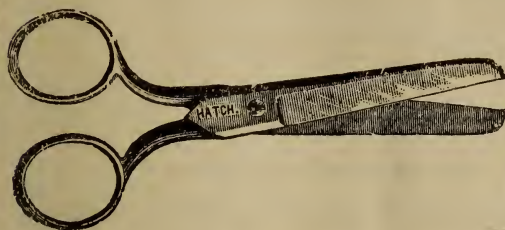
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